

The Adventures of Babysitting by [thepowerfulcallalily](#)

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Summary: A series of soccer-mom Steve tales! Slight Mileven if you squint! ***Contains Spoilers from Season 2***

1. Chapter 1

A/N

Hello! :) So basically, this is a short little fic I threw together when I was REALLY bored! It probably sucks but, I absolutely adore Stranger Things and Season 2 was soooooo good! My favorite part of it was the Mileven reunion and Steve Harrington transforming into a nervous mom of four! So yeah, this fic is just a little snip-it of Steve meeting Eleven (or is it Jane now) and him being their babysitter! (possibly might become a series?) Its only rated T because of the language! Enjoy!

Steve had only recently discovered the truth about the so called Eleven. Sure, he new about Demogorgon's and corrupt scientist operatives, but a little girl who could kill with a very thought, that was new. In fact, it was the most shocking thing he had ever seen, and he had seen a lot in the last year. However, to his unfortunate curiosity, Eleven was only really a mystery to him.

Because of this, Dustin was getting incredibly annoyed with Steve's constant questions about her. So, to fix that, Dustin had arranged a formal meeting. So now, on a party filled Friday night, Steve found himself in the Wheelers dingy basement surrounded by sweaty tweens. As he fiddled with the loose threading on the couch, the short haired badass entered his vision.

"Hello." Steve sat uncomfortably on the edge of his seat, slightly terrified at the 5-foot predator in front of him. "I'm Steve." With the most amount of caution, he gently extended his hand to shake hers, careful not to make any quick movements. "Its nice to meet you."

"Hello Steve." Her voice was eerily quiet and every two seconds she looked to Mike for guidance. With an assuring nod from the little Wheeler, she continued. "I'm Jane."

Steve blinked several times, his mind wiped clear of thought. What should he say? "So... your um.... you can move stuff with your mind?" He winced at his awkward appeal. He was the king of smooth, and right now he sounded like every yoda loving nerd he'd

made fun of.

She nodded slowly. "Can you show me?" She once again turned to Mike, watching as he gave her the okay.

Steve gazed at the girl as she began to stare directly at him. In a prevailing mixture of amazement and fear, Steve witnessed the unnerving feeling of his body beginning to float. "WHAT THE HELL!"

Dustin's mocking laughter filled his ears as he continued to scream like a little girl. "PLEASE PUT ME DOWN!" With that, she dropped him to the floor. "Um...thanks kid." Steve rubbed his back and glared at his curly haired companion as he continued to laugh his head off.

"You" Dustin tried to control his heavy breathing, "You should have seen your face!"

He screeched in horror, as he re-enacted Steve's not so glamorous reaction to mind control.

"Ya...well you try floating in the air!" he stood onto his feet and turned his attention to Jane. The young girl now had a tiny trickle of blood streaming from her nose "How do you do it?"

"I just focus." Steve wasn't to pleased with the explanation, but he decided not to press her, considering what she was capable of.

Jane turned to Mike, as he tenderly wiped the blood from her face. The sincere gesture and obvious love they shared, sent a jolt of jealousy through Steve. Regardless of the amount of times he tried, he couldn't help but still love Nancy. Sure, she had ripped his heart out of his chest and stomped on it, but he still missed her. As he began to feel his emotions crumbling, he remembered that he had a job to do.

Changing the mood, the previously known jock, entered soccer-mom mode. "Alright you little derps, listen up! Since tonight is the banquet and all of your parents are going and getting wasted, I'm your caretaker!"

"You mean our babysitter." Dustin giggled as he made kissy faces.

"Ya, you think that's funny, dipshit? It means you are all too much of idiots to survive one night on your own!" Dramatically placing his hands on his hips like a 1950s housewife, he continued. "I'm going to make dinner (meaning he was going to grab any leftovers he could find, and nuke them in the Wheelers fancy microwave) and you guys are gonna wash up. Understood?"

"Yes mom." They all said together as they made their way to the bathroom.

"Don't you dipshits sass me!"

With a sense of pride and purpose, Steve made his way to the kitchen, ready to make the laziest meal he could.

"Ahahaha Dustin stop!" Feeling his heart warm and his relationship crisis subside, he listened to the soft laughter of the kids. He couldn't help but smile, he really was sucker for the little dorks.

2. Chapter 2

A/N

Hello dudes! So, this is like a low-key continuation of the joyous and overprotective life of soccer-mom Steve! Enjoy!

*Hi this is Karen, Mike and Nancy's mom! I was just wondering if you were free to watch Mike and his friends on Saturday night. My husband Ted and I are going out with Lucas, Dustin and Will's parents for dinner! I understand if you're busy, but they all highly requested you! Get back as soon as you can! Bye. *Phone message ends**

Steve chuckled. Of course, they all asked for him. Any other babysitter would have them sit in front of the T.V. and watch Indiana Jones, putting them to bed by eight-thirty. However, this soccer-mom had a drastically different approach to babysitting. The nights almost always started with D&D (Steve had learned to play and was now OBSESSED) and then gradually emerged into a free for all roast. Proceeding that, was a giant game of hide and go seek, and to finish it all, he would tell them stories of how to be popular, kick-ass and a pro Demogorgon killer.

In the past, Saturday nights used to revolve around the enthralling nightlife of partying and teenage mischief. However lately, the retired jock had found comfort and belonging in the dimly lit basement of the Wheelers house, surrounded by the neighbourhood nerds.

And to be completely honest, the kids needed him. Like for example; last week Dustin had nearly earned the lowest ranking spot on the social pyramid by attempting to indulge his classmates in his newfound "scientific discovery". While the group had decided to keep their strange adventures secret, Dustin had ignored them, his sightline set on his Demogorgon corpse induced fame. On top of that, Lucas had told him he wanted to buy Max makeup for her birthday. But do not fear, Nany-Steve saved the day by explaining to Dustin that his classmates were not into slimy, otherworldly creatures, and graciously informed Lucas that giving a girl makeup could mean that she needed it (which Max did not). Instead, Steve suggested buying

stickers for her skateboard or a classically simple yet, effective necklace.

As far as the mini Wheeler went, he may have let loose a few trade secrets on how to kiss a girl, though he made sure to keep it PG. He laughed at the memory of Mike's curious and embarrassed facial expressions as Steve enlightened him on the perfect smooch. The kid had practically lost it when he mentioned tongue, screaming that it was gross.

"Just give it a year or so kid, and you'll be all about it." Steve winked.

"EW NO!" Mike screeched.

Listening as the boy made gagging noises, he had whispered under his breath, *just wait*.

As far as the two girls go, it wasn't as easy. He helped teach Eleven the alphabet, and let Max teach him how to skateboard, however both left him with injuries.

Last but not least, he had stood up to any asshole dipshit who dared bully Will. His heart ached when he heard the things some of his classmates said.

Two weeks ago, when curled up on the couch eating Steve's burned and over salted popcorn, Will had vulnerably informed the older boy of his struggles. Telling him everything from the not so creative nicknames, to the physical pursuits against him. When Steve finally got some names, he had brought literal hell to them.

He had promised on his life, that if they ever tried anything again, he would make them wish they were dead. Of course, he wouldn't physically harm the little squeakers, but he would ruin their lives.

All of these things, definitely counted towards his mom mojo. Even Nancy had pointed out how responsible he had become. Everything from his grades, college applications, to his overall demeanor, were improving. So, without a second thought, Steve dialed the Wheelers home phone and left the message that he would be there Saturday night.

3. Chapter 3

A/N

Thank-you for the reviews! Please feel free to leave one! They mean a lot and are extremely beneficial to improving my writing style! Anywho, this chapter includes a little Mileven, Max & Lucas (what's their ship name?) Also, possibly Dustin and someone?

As well, the group may just find themselves in a sticky situation...Enjoy!

"Shit, shit, shit, shit!" Dustin fiddled his hands around his backpack, sticking his entire head into the sack. "Where is it!?" Groaning and cursing, he had attracted Steve's attention.

"Easy their dipshit, what's the problem?" He watched with curious eyes as the pudding-loving cursor took a deep breath.

"My radio is missing! It must have fallen out of my damn backpack when I was biking here!" Steve knew how much the radio's meant to the boys. Not only had it been used to contact their companion Will in the upsidedown, but it represented their close-knit friendship.

"Okay kid come down. We can take a little walk down the street and look for it." With that, Steve yelled down the stairs of the Wheelers house, ordering the other losers to grab their coats and boots.

A little while later

The night was young. However, the sky had deepened into a rich tone of purple, making an entrance for the twinkly stars. All of the street lights, were illuminating the road in glossy strands of gold, bathing the pathway to where Dustin, would have lost his radio.

This time of night had always been special to Steve. He had always been a night owl and the cloak of nightfall, had always endeared him. Since a young age, the lady killer would sneak out of his window when sunset arrived, and cruise the town, searching for

trouble. Steve found amusement in the fact that most of his nights were now occupied by college essays, and science loving tweens.

His thoughts were cut short by the sound of Dustin's pure joy. "I FOUND IT." Smiling, Steve stared at his favorite of the bunch, who was standing tall, holding his precious radio, high above his head.

"Well there you have it folks." Steve's sarcastic tone brought an even wider smile to Dustin's face. "Now let's head back before your parents get home, and declare you dimwits missing." He turned on his heels and began his descent back to the compound.

As he made his way, he observed with a smug grin and a proud sense of mentorship, the little wheeler place his hand, in the small hand of the mind-controlling badass. It was notable, that Steve had never once seen the paring apart. As far as he knew, the two were inseparable, constantly gazing into eachothers eyes or listening with intensity to one another's words. Now, in the romantic setting of the moonlight, Mike and Jane were holding hands, simply enjoying the presence of one another.

Another unique team-up, was the red-headed zoomer Max, and the bandanna wearing sling-shot master, Lucas. The two, while not as interconnected as Mike and Jane, still had a certain admiration for each other. They would usually sit next to each other during campaigns, and look to each other for advice.

This did of course raise the issue of Dustin's emotions. The poor curly-haired munchen had not gotten the girl. Although, Dustin quickly realized the importance of his friendship with Lucas, leaving behind any jealousy he had. In fact, Dustin had his eyes on someone else. The girl's name was Lydia and to say she was his type, was an understatement. First and foremost, she was obsessed with Dungeons and Dragons. On top of that, she was in love with him. Like this girl couldn't get enough of his inhuman grrrr's and his action figures. The whole thing was a mixture of adorable and unexpected.

A little while later

As they got close to base camp, the sounds of heavy metal, and the repelling scent of smoke and engine fuel, filled the atmosphere. It

was Max who cued in first. "It's my brother! HIDE!" But it was too late. Billy cut them off, swerving right in front of them. The engine stopped, prompting Steve to get in front of his kids. Seconds later, the one and only greasy-haired douchebag, stepped out of his vehicle. Steve winced at the heavy scent of alcohol and tobacco.

"Well, well, well...if it isn't Mr. Bigshot himself!" Billy flicked his tongue around his lips, focusing his undivided attention on his nemesis Steve. "What? You a gay babysitter now?" He mockingly laughed, arching his head so that he looked down on the kids.

Max was the first to speak up. Without hesitation, she took a step forward. "I told you once, and I'll tell you again." She tilted her head, meeting his harsh gaze. "You leave me and my friends alone." As if having a bat, studded with nails between his legs meant nothing, he simply smiled, moving closer to his young step-sister.

"Did you really think that you were going to get away with what you did?" His words drunkenly slurred together. "What all of you did?" He turned his eyes to Lucas. Steve remembers the night the boy nut sacked him, and judging by his hostility, Billy probably did to.

"Leave him alone!" Max darted at her ass-hole sibling, thrashing her wrists into his side. In response, Billy pushed the girl, sending her to the cool earth.

This was all Steve needed. In one second, his fist connected with the dirtbags jaw, plummeting into his face. "Looks like we got a round 2!" The psychotic glare of war had returned to Billy's eyes. He lunged at Steve, taking him off his feet. Both boys slammed into the ground, each tasting the sour and salty blood that filled their mouths.

"Get off of him!" Dustin's screams quickly turned to action. Grabbing a rock off the side of the road, he smashed it against Billy's skull. The hotshot, let loose of Steve and he kicked himself out from underneath him. As Billy tenderly cradled his skull, Steve got on top of him. Throwing three monstrous punches into the sack of shits face. Just as he was about to get off, Steve felt a slash along his leg. In horror, he watched as a knife came straight for his face. Bracing himself for impact, Steve raised his hand to cover himself. However, inches before striking him, the knife froze.

"What the hell?" Billy confusingly looked at his hand, forcibly trying to move it with his other one. "What the-" The knife flew from his hands, landing in the small fingertips of Jane. The girl wiped the blood from her nose, maintaining eye contact with the knives previous owner.

"Leave." Her once shy and sweet voice was gone, replaced by the tone of a killer. Steve knew what she was capable of. Billy would be wise to stand down.

"How the hell did you?" For once in his life, Billy was at a loss of words. Staring at the short-haired girl, he tried to rationalize an answer. "You have a magnet?" Slowly and without breaking eye-contact, Jane shook her head, preparing to end his life, if he did not obey her one command.

"You better run." Dustin dryly laughed. "If you wanna live that is."

"Billy." Max was brushing dirt off her blue jeans. "Go."

Now it was Steve's turn. "I ever see you near these kids again...I'll kill you myself." And with that, the group walked away, leaving Billy behind. Steve walked backwards, keeping his hazel eyes, on the crystal confused blue ones, that belonged to the jean jacket ass-hat.

A little while later

"I'm so sorry guys." Max's voice broke a little and even though it was dark out, Steve could tell she was crying.

"You don't have to be sorry Max, you're not like him." Lucas wrapped his arm around the girl, holding her close. Mike also had his arms wrapped around Jane, whispering something in her ear, that made her smile.

"Steve thanks for always trying to kick his ass." Dustin gave the older boy an encouraging smile. "But next time, don't stop at three hits." Steve lightly laughed, innocently nudging his elbow into his new friend's side.

Sorry its kind of rough, I didn't really know how to end it. Anyways I hope you guys like theses little adventures, as I LOVE

writing them! Please feel free to review!

4. Chapter 4

A/N

So basically, this is a night where Steve babysits Eleven & Mike (aka I got some low-key Mileven for you dudes)

He was screwed. He was absolutely 100% screwed. Hopper had one rule. ONE RULE and he had broken it. As Steve heard the heavy footsteps approach the cabin's front door, he braced himself for his early grave.

Two hours before

"And here is the fridge, feel free to have whatever you want." Hopper gestured towards his kitchen, opening all the drawers to show where everything was. "As far as dinner goes, just give the kid some damn egos. I know they're not the healthiest but, their easy to make and she can't seem to get enough of them." The chief removed his sheriff's hat, rubbing his balding head. "Just let her watch some T.V and have her read you a story." Steve nodded, taking mental notes of everything the man said. "Oh, and for the love of god, don't let her try out her powers."

Since closing the gate, the physic badass had developed a new level of power. For example, a simple blink of the eye, could bring walls crashing down. The very thought sent shivers down Harrington's spine. The whole mind-control thing was new to him and while babysitting was already a hefty task, taking care of a girl, whose very tantrum could physically end you, was a terrifying and dangerous affair. But Hopper had a date with Mrs. Byers and Steve knew the two needed a night with just the two of them.

"Don't worry about it! I may be new to the whole babysitter thing, but I'm pretty damn good at it. You just have a good night with you're gal." Steve winked, causing Hopper to roll his eyes.

The fatherly figure got on his boots and straightened his tie, heading for the door. Just as he stepped through the door frame, he turned towards Steve. "I almost forgot, Mike is coming over too. The little bastard can't seem to stay away." Great, that means that on top of

watching over a telekinetic teen girl, he also had to look out for her geeky boyfriend. "Just make sure there's no funny business, got it?"

"Yes sir." Before being able to stop himself, Steve saluted the man, earning him a death glare.

"And remember, NO POWERS! This cabin has taken enough already." The cabin was a shit-show. The windows had been blown out, replaced by stingy wooden boards and the door to Els room wasn't in good shape.

"Got it, no powers." Steve flashed an award-winning smile, hoping it would convince the older man that she would be safe.

"Alright, see you then." He got into his car.

"Have a nice date!"

An hour later

El and Mike were sitting on the sofa, innocently holding hands and watching cartoons. Steve was in the kitchen, putting together supper (A plate of egos with not-so-ripe strawberries on the side). As he worked, the perfect-haired babysitter hummed to the televisions theme songs. As embarrassing as it was, Steve still watched the same animations every morning before school.

"Alright dickheads your meals ready." The table had been set and he placed the dishes of egos down on it. Steve laughed as Eleven asked the mini Wheeler what "dickhead" meant. The answer he gave was even funnier.

"Well ummm... it's just another word for kids." Steve could seconded that.

El smiled, pleased with the expansion of her vocabulary. "Dickhead." Mike gasped at her language, shocked to hear such a vulgar thing come from her. Steve on the other hand, had never been prouder.

The three sat around the table, sharing stories of their week at school. Mike didn't have much to say, however Eleven was a talkative bean, showing them all the new words and phrases she'd learned. The

boys both admired her happiness. After everything she had been through, the girl deserved a break.

A little while later

After dinner, Steve had forced Mike to do the dishes, using the chore as a way to get the T.V to himself. While he loved the cartoons, he wanted to get his daily dose of "Gimme a Break" and "Entertainment Tonight". However, when he tried to change the channel, it wouldn't work. In frustration, the able minded technician, failed to meet his skills. After several minutes of fiddling with the dumb movie box, Mike suggested an idea.

"El can just skip the channel with her mind." The young boy turned to his crush, prompting her to use her powers.

"NO, NO, NO! Listen you little dipshit, the big man had one rule, no powers!"

"But it's one simple task!" Mikes voice carried through the cabin. "I've seen her do much harder things." The memory of the van popped into his mind.

"Yeah, well i don't care. Whatever Chief says flies." He looked at Eleven. The tiny human looked like a puppy, but Steve knew better. "No powers, okay?" His tone was soft but, the message was clear.

"I can do it." El had felt oddly incomplete without using her powers. Each day she kept it inside her, it threatened to break loose. "Please." She needed to use it somehow and changing a channel seemed simple enough.

"Sorry sweetheart but that's a hard pass." Throwing his hands on his hips, the soccer-mom shook his head. "Am I understood?" The room was silent and he realized the little girl was curiously focused on the box set behind him. Trying to not pass out, he saw the T.V begin to sizzle, not in a technical way, it was actually making smoke. "Oh god." The signature blood stream flowed from her nose, staining the carpet below. "Stop it right now." This command was not received. The teenage rebellious nose-bleeder, continued to do her magic, shaking the entire house.

It was Mike who spoke up. "El? Hey El, stop." But even her loveable companion was useless against her. El was finally feeling complete, the power that had been bottling up inside her, was now being utilized. So, before she passed out, the T.V burst into hot flames.

"El!" Mike dropped to her side, placing her in his arms. "Do something, Steve." Upon hearing his name, the fazed jock ran to the kitchen and filled up a bucket with water. He threw the water onto the fire, taking deep breaths as a panic attack seized his body.

"WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT!" Steve couldn't help but scream as loud as he could. "I FUCKING TOLD YOU DIPSHITS NOT TO PLAY AROUND!" The overprotective mother grabbed the telephone, ready to dial 911.

"She's awake!" El stood up, her knees still shaking. Mike grabbed her waist, supporting her as she met the crazed gaze of Steve. "What happened?" Moving her eyes to the ground, the destructive youngster apologized, explaining the overpowering need to use her powers. Mike forgave her in seconds. Steve however, was not so easy.

"You realized you killed me, right?" His voice was frail. "I mean do you know what's gonna be on the frontlines of the newspaper tomorrow? ME BEING DEAD." He tried to take a deep breath. "What do I do?" The question was never answered, because the discussion was cut short by the glowing yellow headlights of Hoppers vehicle. "OH GOD."

He was screwed. He was absolutely 100% screwed. Hopper had one rule. ONE RULE and he had broken it. As Steve heard the heavy footsteps approach the cabin's front door, he braced himself for his early grave.

"Im hom-" The sheriff stood in shock as he stared at the scene in front of him. His precious television set was smoking and his little girl was unable to stand on her own. And Steve...oh Steve, that boy looked like he had seen a ghost. Initially, he wanted to grab the gun from his truck and hunt the kid down. But, because he could be reasonable, he asked what happened.

Eleven spoke up. She told her side of the story, explaining that it was

her fault and that she was sorry. Steve simply stared into blank space, looking as if he'd already given up.

"You are all okay though?" Everyone nodded, praying that he wouldn't be too mad. "Steve, can we talk for a minute alone outside?" The question was a demand and they both knew it. Reluctantly, the too-young-to die teen followed the grim reaper to the porch.

"Listen sir I'm so incredibly sorry! We were having a great night and then El wanted to help change the channel and...and-"

Hopper cut him off. "It's okay son, I know you did all you could to stop her. Kids will be kids." In disbelief, Steve realized he wasn't going to be skinned alive.

"So, you're not mad."

"My television is broken, I'm furious." He took a deep breath, "But, I know it wasn't your fault or hers." The chief smiled, looking out into the peaceful woods.

Steve gently laughed, there was only one reason he was still alive right now, the police sheriff had totally gotten laid.

Hope you dudes enjoyed it! A quick thanks to all the amazing people who reviewed! I always love seeing a comment and always respond back!

5. Chapter 5

Thankyou soooooooooo much for the reviews! I absolutely adore them!

The sourly sweet smell of cotton candy filled his nostrils, threatening to suffocate his senses. Feeling overwhelmed, the teenage boy tried to cover his ears, keeping them safe from the abrupt noises of child screams and sadistic laughter. This was worse than the time he was stuck in a supernatural underground tunnel. God. Steve hated carnivals.

I mean, who the hell enjoys grown men dressed up as freaky clowns, blowing you balloons? Not Steve. I mean sure, he had fought multi-dimensional monsters and corrupt scientist operatives, but riding a carousel that was built in the 1800's? That was truly terrifying.

But lone behold, he found himself in his nightmare. How did this happen? Well... some little bastards begged him and subsequently, he couldn't say no. So now, surrounded by his greatest fears, he was on babysitting duty.

"Listen up you little dipshits! You stay with me at all times! Is that clear?" The mischievous little buggers nodded, smiling as they debated on which ride they should go on first.

"Definitely the Blaster! Its sounds awesome!" The usually rare voice of Will Byers, spoke up.

"Blaster it is then!" Mike smiled at his friend, agreeing to the tortured boy's choice.

Arriving at ride

They walked for about two minutes, before arriving at what Steve could only describe as Hell. The rusted metal death trap, that the children referred to as a ride, looked like something straight out of a horror movie. Just from staring at it, the anti-amusement park spokesman, felt his stomach drop. "You really want to go on this?" His voice shook.

"Ya!" They all cheered in unison.

"Are you okay with this Eleven?" Mike turned to his beloved girlfriend, gently motioning to the ride.

"Ummm..." The young girl shuddered, evident fear laced in her vision. Though, she knew that as long as Mike was next to her, she would be okay. "Yes." The mini Wheeler smiled, squeezing her hand.

"Holy shitballs, this is gonna be awesome." Dustin clapped his hands together, cherishing the masterpiece in front of him.

Some time passes

Steve watched with nervous butterflies, as his precious "kids", slowly made their way to the front of the line. The teen felt like he was going to puke, when he realized they were up next. He watched as Mike, Dustin, the mind-controlling badass, the redheaded zoomer and Lucas, made their way onto the ride. However, Will was not allowed on.

Within seconds, Steve was being called to the front of the line by the security officer.

"Um hey sir." Steve scratched his head, wondering why he was called upon. "What's the problem?"

"Well" The bloated gatekeeper grabbed a hold of his giant belt buckle. "It seems this kid is too short for this ride." Looking as if he was ashamed, Will let his head drop, focusing his gaze on the ground. "The only way we will let him on, is if you go with him."

Steve felt like all the air left his lungs. "Ummm, can't the kid just ride with his friends?" There was no way he would go on that *thing*.

"Nope! Its with you, or not at all."

The trembling babysitter, turned to the little Byer. With parental instincts kicking in, Steve stared at the boy's hazel eyes, that were glazed over with tears. This kid had been through too much not to have a fun night with his friends. And for the love of god, some pork-chop loving assbat, wasn't going to change that.

"Ya fine, but if I die, I'm going to haunt this place." The guard chuckled, letting them through.

"Thankyou!" Will hugged him. "You're the best!"

"Ya, ya, I know kid." The perfect-haired softie smirked, knowing he was doing the right thing.

Steve placed himself next to Will, triple checking their seat belts. It was alarming to him, that the very "life saving belt strap" the ride had, looked older than his 90-year-old grand-mother. On top of this, the repulsing smell of rust and puke, was not so encouraging either.

Against his wishes, the ride started, flinging them into the open air. To the teenage badass's prevail, his shrieks of terror were the most well heard. "HOLY SHIT!" With all he had, he willed himself not to throw-up, swallowing the sour taste of fear and vomit. "I DON'T WANNA DIE!" His hands were close to bleeding from how hard he was holding on.

After several minutes of pure Hell, the deathly contraption turned them upside-down, ironically pausing in this moment. "WHEN DOES IT END!?" His thrashing screams, had Dustin doubling over in laughter.

"Having fun?" His curly-haired companion winked, giggling at his distress.

Just as Steve was about to sass-back, the ride positioned them upright. This prompted the not-so religious rule breaker, to personally thank his holy majesty, coming close to kissing the ground in relief.

They get off the ride

"LET'S DO IT AGAIN!" To almost everyone's surprise, El was the owner of these words. The short haired girl was enthusiastically smiling, her entire body electrified from the experience.

"Ya, thats a no!" Steve stomped his foot on the ground, shaking his head.

"PLEASE!" The adorable dipshits all begged him, giving their best puppy eyes.

"Damn it" Steve whispered under his breath. "You all owe me big time, alright?" The children squealed in delight, making their way back into the line.

A/N

Holy carp on a cracker this is rough! I'm super sick with the flu and being a grade 12 student, I'm physically drowning in homework. So, I apologize for this mess. However, I'm always grateful for reviews and am incredibly motivated when I see them! :) Please feel free to leave one! As well, if you have any ideas of what I should write about, let me know in the comments or, in my pm's! Thankyou!

6. Chapter 6

A/N

Okay, so quick disclaimer: I dunno shit about whether or not the Star Wars debate in this chapter is accurate. To be real with you all, it is a great possibility that it is before their time but, it's a fanfic so please just ignore it aha. Also, thank you for the reviews, follows and favorites, you all keep me going! As well, a special shoutout to "SmolCaffery" and "VV The Wise Girl" for generously sharing their ideas with me! I plan on writing those soon! Also, thank you to "Approximately Samara" who wished me to get better! :) So, without further ado, enjoy the story!

As he had been for the past few months, Steve Harrington was snuggled up in the small, dingy and slightly unfinished basement, belonging to his ex-girlfriend's family. As usual, he was babysitting the local wack jobs (aka his precious children). No big deal really. He was just put in charge of three arcade-loving nerds, one "zombie-boy", a red-headed zoomer, whose asshole brother had kicked the shit out of him, and last but not least, a telepathic little girl, known for having tantrums. Nothing would go wrong-right? Wrong.

Though he wasn't book smart, Harrington had the intelligence to understand that this group of lovable deviants, was a lot of trouble. Whether that meant conspiring against government agents, fighting flesh-eating monsters or, simply refusing to go sleep when asked, they were a handful. Not that Steve minded though. In fact, he cherished his times with the little dipshits. For the better of his life and theirs, he had bonded with them, finding his maturity amongst the madness of teenage parenthood.

-Callalily-

It was seven-forty and the group was arguing once again. To no surprise, the debate was about Star Wars.

The kids were fired-up, shouting amongst each other.

"HAN SOLO SHOT FIRST!" Surprisingly, Will was the owner of these

words. Normally, he would not be the one to raise his voice, however, this particular issue was a call for volume.

"Ya!" Mike stood beside his shorter friend, backing him up. "Wills right!" In admiration, the artistic softie smiled at his friend's support.

"Is that so, Mr. know-it-all?" Rolling his eyes, Dustin shifted his attention to the young dungeon master. "Last time I checked, Greedo was the one who fired the first shot!"

Steve's "mini-me" made his point, curly strands of hair falling in front of his reddened face, as he did so.

Mike simply rolled his eyes, choosing to ignore his friend's comeback. Instead, he simply continued reading to El, softly holding her hand.

The room was quiet for a moment until, a new member stepped up to the batting plate.

For the loss of Dustin, skateboard savvy Madmax, chose to get involved in the conversation. "I'm with Mike and Will on this one." She turned to Dustin. "Sorry rat's-nest" Shrugging her broad shoulders, Max sassily expressed her opinion.

Almost immediately- and like clockwork, Lucas backed her up.

"Ya, Max is right!" Sinclair winked in the gingers direction, earning him a half-hearted eye roll. The two had been inseparable since the mid-flayer thing. From what Dustin had told Steve, Lucas and Max were much more than friends, having slow-danced and kissed at the Snowball. While this was a bit difficult for the tongue rolling party-member, he had met a girl named Lydia, and quickly moved on. Though right now, Dustin wished he had some back-up, someone to always take his side.

Felling the tides shift, a desperate debate-loser searched for a way to win. "What do you think El?" Dustin turned to the shy, hazel-eyed girl. The boys had made sure to show their mind-controlling friend every installment of the galactic series. As expected, her favorite character was Yoda.

Having felt the pressure of the room, Eleven curled into Mike's arm,

ignoring the question. "You don't have to answer that El." The little Wheeler glared at Dustin, digging holes into his companion's soul. It was almost hilarious how much Mike tried to protect Eleven. I mean, he did know that she could break anyone's arm with a simple blink of an eye-right?

Interrupting Steve's train of thought, Dustin pleaded for help. "Anyone?"

Hating to see his ninth-grade bestie alone, the great elder chose to speak. "Sorry dudes but, my homeboy's right." Steve rolled over on the sofa, turning his attention to the argumentative tweens.

Knowing full-well he was the "homeboy", Dustin grinned ear-to-ear, admiring his older friend's assistance.

With a soft grin, the perfect-haired teen, playfully winked, always happy to help-out his favorite buddy.

"See guys! If Steve says so, then it has to be!" Harrington wouldn't argue that.

"Why? Cause he's 'cool'?" Mike sarcastically stated the adjective, as if it wasn't a true fact. I mean sure, was Steve now into arcade games, D&D and hanging out with ninth graders? Yes. But, he also still had the iconic hair, awesome car and lots of hot sex.

Well- maybe not so much the last one these days, considering his girlfriend had broken his heart and left him emotionally and sexually unavailable for the time being. Regardless though, some tiny little emo kid, wasn't going to bring down his mojo.

"Last time I checked Count Dracula, (that was Steve's nickname for the pale and moody, Mike) I was the best thing to ever happened to Hawkins." The senior student gave the cockiest grin possible, folding his large biceps behind his head.

With exhilarating passion, Dustin spoke up. "I second that!" He nodded in his idols direction, hoping to be earning extra brownie points.

"Hold up you love birds, the best thing to ever happen to Hawkins,

was when Mrs. Delcen blessed us all with her homemade ooey-gooey, chocolate-chip cookies." Lucas rubbed his belly and licked his lips, musing over the delicious memory.

The room was silent for a minute, reminiscing over the baked goods, before another voice chimed in. "I think that the local art supplies store was the best thing to ever happen to Hawkins!" Will piped up, creative sparks lighting up his eyes.

He truly was a talented artist. A couple weeks before, when Steve had been over helping renovate the Byers estate, he had happened upon some of the boys drawings on the fridge (he was checking to see if their freezer still had any "demo-dog" bits, thankfully it didn't). The 18-year-olds breath had been taken away by the adolescent's gift of artistic ability. Unfortunately, that was one thing Steve did not have.

Mike was the next to speak. "We all know that the best thing to ever happen here in Hawkins, was Will coming back to us." The boy spoke confidently, not stuttering on his words. "And El entering our lives." He gently squeezed the girl's shoulder, blushing as she smiled up at him. Feeling his heart swell, Mike acknowledged Wills bashful nod, gracious for his friend's kind words.

There was a moment of pure reflection amongst the group. In all honesty, the events from a few months ago, were still heavy in everyone's dreams. To their dismay, they rotted their nighttime visions, hallucinating the horrifying apparitions of Demogorgon's and sickening darkness.

However, despite the negative exitance of the upside-down and Hawkins dark secrets, they had all happened for a reason. For Mike, it had given him his brave leadership skills and an absolute badass girlfriend. For Dusty, it brought him closer with his friends and let him make a best friend, out of the notorious Steve Harrington. Then there was Will, probably the one who suffered the most, the boy received love from all angles, truly understanding how important he was to those around him. Another case of love in all the wrong places; Max and Lucas were brought together, forming a relationship. Then there was El, who made friends, family and was given the opportunity to be a child. Finally, there was Steve. The teen arose as a babysitter, finding familiarity and calm in the kids, shocking

everyone, including himself. As well, he proved to be more than a stereotype, turning his life around for the better.

The silence was once again broke. "Aw, what a sappy way to end a heated debate." Max uncrossed her legs, straightening her back. "But let's be honest," The redhead curtly smirked, "Dustin lost anyways."

"I DID NOT!"

"Uh yeah you did dude." Lucas moved to the T.V, turning on the ratchet VCR. With static blurring the screen, the television set was brought to life, playing MTV's top-10 music video hits.

Dustin sighed in defeat, moving to sit on the couch where Steve was slouching, placing the lanky boys legs over top of his body. "Well whatever, I still have the second best hairdoo in this room." Harrington laughed, glad his young padme (see he knew Star Wars) knew his place in the hair hierarchy.

The group watched the music videos for several minutes, before Steve turned it off, ignoring their wines. "Alright you little fucktards, it's time that we move on and resume our, may I say, critical game of High School Trivia!" The crowd of soon-to-be tenth graders, all silenced, giving their favorite teen all the attention they had.

You see, for the past few weeks, Steve had been giving the kids run-downs on how-to-survive-high school. Originally, he had only shared this information with Dustin, thinking he was the only one who cared enough to hear it. Although, when the eager kid had told his friends about it, they had wanted a piece of the magic advice as well. So, he was now a babysitter and a mentor, performing both tasks with flying colors.

"Where were we?" The now professor-like teen, combed a hand absently through his thick hair. "Oh yes. We were addressing the issue of where to sit."

As if this information would save the world, the kids intently listened, Dustin even using a note-pad to take notes.

Continuing, Steve cleared his voice. "So, as you can imagine, there

are a couple of different groups of people in this world." Cracking his neck, the teacher prepared his next words, making sure to tread carefully. "You kids all fall under the segment of dorky-nerds."

As most know, this was no news. Not even to Max, who had fully accepted her new social standard of geek, when choosing her friends.

"Now, that's not a bad thing" Harrington smiled at his six kids. "In my eyes, you guys are the coolest people anyways-geeks or not." Repositioning himself, Steve grabbed his handy-dandy sketch board, ready to get down to business. "But, this does mean that you can only sit next to the dumpsters, or-" He sloppily drew a swing-set. "-out behind the playground."

The room groaned. "Ya, that sounds totally fair!" Lucas's sarcastic tone filled the room, resulting in an uproar of agreement.

Steve's voice, cut through the mix. "Sorry dudes, but that's the way it's always been- and if you try to change that-" The popular jock, pinched his nose between his pointer finger and thumb, remembering the poor, four-eyed Jerry who had tried to challenge the seating arrangement the year before. That kid got it rough. "Let's just say that you won't be seeing straight for a few days." Grimacing, the group nodded.

-Callalily-

The rest of the night was spent with giggles and popcorn fights. To Steve's disapproval, when the team of outcasts had finished their lessons on school etiquette, they rehashed their heated Star Wars debate, even bringing in the physical evidence, of re-watching the scene. Although, this was just the very night the senior looked forward to, finding it hard to leave, when the time came.

-Callalily-

As usual, he had driven home Max and Eleven, finding their car rides getting less and less awkward as their bond grew stronger. For a while, the girls had despised each other, pulsating bad-blood. Though, as the need for girl talk and personal female relationships grew beyond the young women, they began to find mutual respect in

one another, eventually forming a friendship.

-Callalily-

Once at his own house, Steve practically passed-out of mental and physical exhaustion, getting his good eight hours of sleep in, before seeing his delinquent dipshits again for breakfast and arcade-time, the next day. God, he was whipped.

A/N

Dang, this took me awhile to write! So, I hope you like it! I know it wasn't anything special or complex but, I had drafted this awhile back and came across it, deciding to edit and finish it. As far as this fic goes, I plan on writing the ideas that were commented and continuing to upload as frequently as possible! In regards to my other writing projects, I really, really want to write a Stranger Things story and also, make some more Mileven one-shots (Like my "A Class Kiss" one). So, stay tuned!

Please don't forget to review!:) Every-single one gives me sooooo much motivation, you don't even know! Thanks!:)